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#### The Register

Volume CX
Winter 1989
Published by the students of
The Boston Latin School
78 Avenue Louis Pasteur
Boston, Massachusetts 02115

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#### "Introduction"

'\*

...An introduction in which I'm supposed to say something exploitingly enthralling, of blazing emotion. Perhaps I should say something that will touch hearts sentimentally, or maybe something of extreme passionate anger that will make them seek a kind of adumbration. Then a phrase that would be so beautifully evasive that they would wonder and question and become curious. I would find a fabulous way

#### by Carin Zissis

of insulting them to their own pleasure.

In conclusion, though I said and did all of this, I would somehow still be distanced, avoided and vitiated; my twisting biting desire made public and the bitter curse of mental abusion carrying on. Each time my pride is killed again but I can say that though I'll never be accepted, I'll always be around.

#### I Hate Trees

I think that I shall never be-A person who writes poetry The descriptive words on every line Could hardly come from a brain like mine!

How absurd! To be so lacking
In a hobby I find friends hacking
Away in absorbed and sincere
With words so vague and thoughts so - queer!

I get the paper and stare at it And visualize verses, bit by bit Yet together they sound - odd Like off tune ballads from my Aunt Maude.

Behind this front, my deficiency hid, See, what a social life I'm amid! Thus here, dear editors, is my verse, You will reguard as a blessing...or a curse.

-Satyer Eyes

#### "I Sit Motionless in a Cold Drafty Prison..."

I sit motionless in a cold drafty prison Thinking up three hundred seventy-five words To write about the causes of the Trojan War: Mythical Practical And realistical? I stare out the window, the scene before me Broken up by countless little squares In a rusty wire screen. The substitute sits placidly at the teacher's dcsk, Chewing his fingernails and trying to seem official. I hear the wind rustling outside and Imagine it blowing through my hair; It would cool my burning cheeks. I stare blankly at the crisp paper before me, My notes scrawled on the top, "A milihelen is the amount of beauty required to launch one ship." I doubt it will work. The bell rings.

-Holly Teichholtz

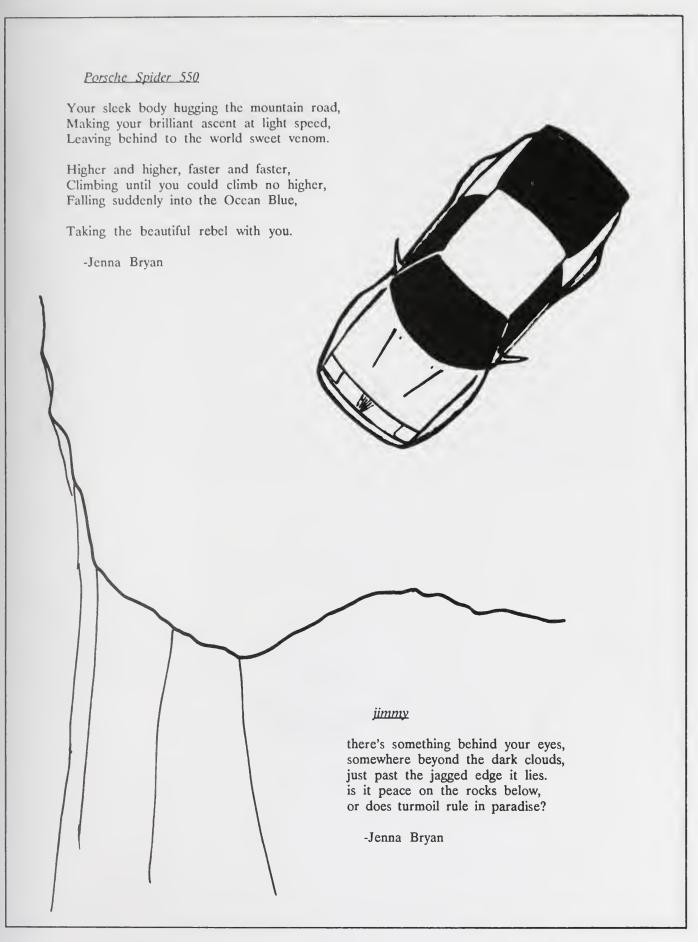
#### Untitled

Childhood
tastes like ice cream ( ding! ding!
quick run catch the truck )
smells like dirt ( don't track that
on the carpct, wipe your feet!)
feels like jumping ( watch out
you'll kill yourself one day! )
and sounds like a wave ( hold your
breath onetwothree DIVE! )

the first snow falls a tangible winter melts on contact ice-dew in my hair stick your tongue out and catch a flake of sky

days pile up
like autumn leaves
falling at my feet
while I sit
unable to move
mesmerized by the piles of time.

-Sara Wolfson



I walked home from the bus stop the long way tonight. There are two routes I can take. One is short, a walk down tree-lined, cementpaved roads, model suburbia for city-weary minds. The other route is longer, almost two miles. It winds through a pretty grove, a leafy clearing. As you walk, the brown and orange leaves crunch under your feet, crying out as though in pain. I took the long route home tonight. I couldn't bear the mindless repetiton of triangular white boxes with peepholes called windows, the rows of symmetrical petunias at my feet. I took the long route home. The cool autumn air felt so good in my lungs, I could see my breath forming a little white cloud in front of my face as I walked. I love the autumn weather, so beautiful and clear.

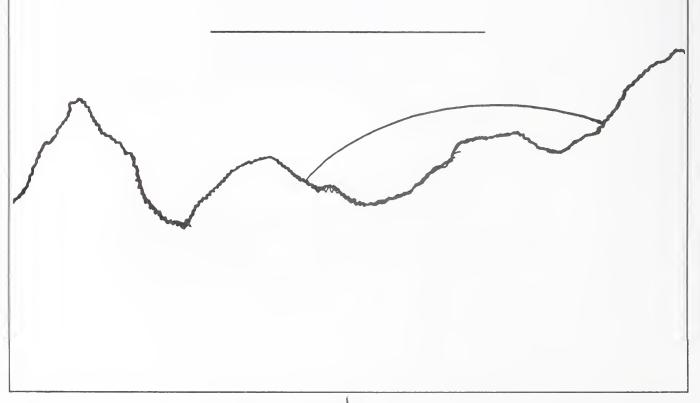
A car sped by me and I could hear the music flowing out its window as it passed. It was loud and cacophonous and I wished I hadn't heard it. Loud music always reminds me of raw emotion, thumping and pounding inside your head without end...making itself known to you whether you want it there or not. Thumping and pounding. Just one short measure I had heard, one loud chord that now kept repeating itself in my brain. I wished I hadn't heard it.

I was shivering in my corduroys and thick

sweater and denim jacket and I remembered the summer, when I walked this road in shorts and t-shirt and sweated in the sticky heat. I thought about the seasons and wondered what made them change. I know the scientific and technical cause and I wonder what makes the seasons change because I will never know and I never want to know. Mysteries are more beautiful than knowledge. Knowledge may be a fact but mysteries are fancy. Mysteries are more beautiful than knowledge.

I was approaching my house. I couldn't see it, but I was getting close and I didn't want to be at home. Some gravel rolled around in one of my shoes and it hurt, but I didn't stop to take it out. I was approaching my house and my house was dark. some sweat rolled around inside my sweater and I realized how fast I was walking. I slowed down because I didn't want to be at home. I walked under a streetlamp and watched my shaddow follow me in the imitation sunlight. I suddenly hated that streetlamp and all streetlamps and I wanted to get rid of them all and bathe the world in darkness. I hate darkness, but I hate imitation sunlight more: garish and bright and blinding.

And when I got home it was dark.



#### **Farmyard**

The weathervane towered above Black, with the crow perched so Firmly, as if the head was rock Set in Impressionistic style The snake slithered from the cool stone Set against the old window, while a checker-piece at last fell from the ledge Picturesque in its finality. The parched dry dust lusted for the sea to nourish the very shadows cast by the death-like white of the sticks All in a pile, the tattered, rotting rug Thrown over, having shut up All their light.

-Jessica Dello Russo

#### Black

black is gentle velvet a visual kiss it changes like the ocean and is full of swimming colors

-Sara Wolfson

#### a child's footprint

a child's footprint
framed in sand
a momentary fossil..
the heedless path
of a swift, laughing shadow
soon to be swept away
by the tide of years.
like the footprint,
the child is only
a temporary imprint
on the shore of time

-Sara Wolfson

There is a girl sitting in a room. This girl is very close to me. She is rather beautiful, but not dazzlingly so. She is sleeping with an innocent expression on her face; temporarily freed from the eternal dream of maya. Looking at her, one feels raised above earthly concerns for a while.

The shades are pulled. One feels that they have been down forever. Although it is quite sunny outside, the room is dim. There is a bed, a futon, but it is folded into a couch.

There is a table with a



stereo and a clock on it. The girl is sitting in a grey, old, but comfortable looking chair. The air feels heavy. The carpet is grey and the walls are off-white. The girl, wearing jeans and a black shirt, looks like a black and white photograph; her face is radiant, like an icon of Mary.

The armchair she is sleeping in is in the corner oppsite the door, where I am standing. As I finish writing this, she slowly wakes and opens her eyes and asks, "What are you doing?"

#### A Moment

The piano played a melody.

The song is faded in my memory

But I remember that it seemed to play all my feelings.

Your song echoed through the hall.

And as you began to play faster

I looked across at you.

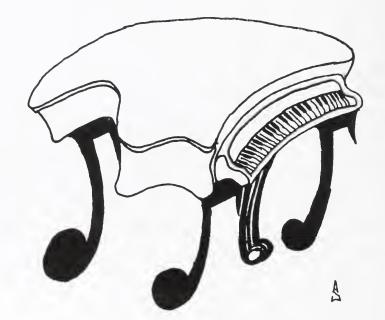
The music reached out for me

And as it almost touched me

I turned away.

And then the sound receded Yet my heart held to its beat.

-Courtenay Kettleson



#### Early Spring

While on the bus, driving through the shady streets of the city, passing through the tunnels between the buildings, lights flooded and flushed through the windows, sending Crystal drops of sun, sprinkling and spraying deeply into the retinas of my eyes.

-John Kerrigan

#### The fire in your eyes...

The fire in your eyes gently nods and drifts into crystal motion. I look deep inside, lingering in a trance. I become submerged in deeper seas than piano chords can echo

-John Kerrigan

II
I stirred
many times,
from my sleep during the night,
To find I was kissing
my pillow,
Instead of your lips.

-John Kerrigan

#### Eye of a Storm

If I only had a girl to love
On a starry bright night above...
I wish I could hold her right here, now
But maybe I ask more then love will allow.
Can you see me, touch me, love me tonight?
Can we too become one under fire light?
Allow a passion stream to flow on and on?
We won't separate until eternity's dawn.
Be happy with us forever and ever.
Our love can be until the 12th of forever;
To see me or hear me, read my verse,
For I have hungers only love can nurse,
I have dreams and I have sight;
But come to me when the time is right.

-Richardo

#### The Boy

I saw you in a crowd. after all this time I would've spotted you anywhere For you hold a special place in my heart. I jumped out of my seat My whole soul shouting with joy. Would you remember? Though you never cared that doesn't matter Just watching your figure from a distance is happiness enough. Maybe one day you'll turn around And see the tears. Maybe then, you'll know.

-Pyong

#### Night Song

Two lovers dance
On the midnight air,
A fiery flame
In the darkness,
Mystical.
Fading as memories do
With the dawn,
But lingering in the heart
As a song in the moonlight,
Ethereal.

-Julie Morrison

#### "Silence"

Silence...

A rocking figure sits on her bed In the middle of a dark room From which even the warmth of the afternoon sun Has fled in terror.

Ouiet...

So quiet you can hear The beating of her heart accelerate As she holds her breath and struggles to Stay calm...not to show emotion.

Suddenly the stillness is shattered by A ripping, tearing, grating cry which Almost tears out her very soul in its intensity.

The silence pulls back in horror as A tiny, crystal prism tumbles down her pale face And shatters into fragments on the floor.

The sound was deafening.

-Heather Fairfield





#### The Cradle Will Fall

The boy's eyes blink in surprise as The tiny drop of water which They have just given birth to Perches delicately on his eyelashes.

Like a young bird about to leave a nest It trembles slightly and looses its grip To slowly tumble down his face And pause for a moment on his cheek.

It silently drops away from his face And seeps into the fabric of his shirt As his head bows forward to Rest on his folded arms.

-Heather Fairfield

#### Moonlight

The viscous yellow light crawls up the far wall Staining the mantel-piece picture. Clouds of thought Thicken the leaden air; conscience grinds as the Waves pound the shore, what can the mightiest Rock endure? Day gives way to night. On the remote tidal rocks so often cursed By sailors I'll find my repose While the cool clear light bleaches these walls.

#### -William F. Brinkert

t u c ubln E R E

oftheworldwarraginginmyhead confusionofthoughtwhyywhyyy

T 0 F (E) f m u r е 0 b h d е 0 0 e m n n .PEACE C 0 E A

-Rosalie R. O'Brien

#### To the Individual

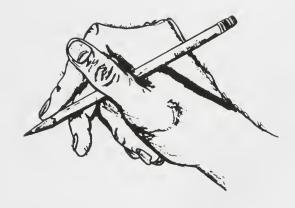
An inner Turmoil Disguised by Eloquent words And False smiles Ends With the lost innocence of a child And the birth of a man As a death to dreams And a search for Wisdom In facing the years Of realism.

-Julie Morrison

#### Loneliness

The old man takes another sip
From his overflowing cup of loneliness.
He looks down on the dreary world and sighs.
"All my friends have gone their ways."
He thinks, surveying the desolate street.
His old, grey eyes try to find a new beginning or an old friend
In the abandoned ears and houses
But there is none to be found.
So he swallows the last of his loneliness.
Then he lies down on his bed and waits to die,
But the only answer to his prayer is silenee.
Instead he falls asleep in the dark old emptiness of his cold room.
And so he lives his life each day,
Wondering how much longer he has to stay on this darkened world
When heaven waits somewhere.

-Courtenay Kettleson



Thanks

by Christina

Thanks for going with me on that journey my life. All of the mountains we had to climb and all of those to come. Thanks for helping me up when I fell. My failures helped me to see and understand myself better.

I guess I just needed attention. I needed to know they really care - to feel their warm hellos and the sad goodbyes - to feel needed and wanted by all of them including those I grew to know and love "there".

I was always independant, caring for myself and at the same time helping others. Nobody worry about little old Chiquita. She always took care of herself. She never had any "real" problems. But we all have problems. They never realized how significant my problems were to me.

So much pain - a wound that would not heal; with every drop of blood I lost a little bit of happiness 'til nothing was left but emptiness,

lonliness and sadness.

A tunnel with no end. a search for an escape that I could not see.

Alone in an endless tunel and no light to guide me. "They" show me little by little the way. The process was slow, but worth it. The light became dim. My heart skipped a beat.

The wound had healed. The blood was no longer there. "They" took care of me every step of the way. "They" showed me their love and understanding

and
"They" led the way
to my
escape,
to my
freedom,
to my
happiness.

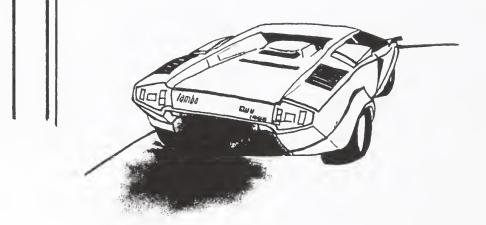
#### Internal Combustion

No imperfection, no visible leak
The surface is smooth, silent and sleek
The windows are shadows, a steely glaze
The being within concealed in haze
He slips through the air like a million before
On viewing the many, the one you ignore
Unnoticed by all the cool eraft glides
Hidden by clones around on all sides
The journey looks smooth as if viewing a hawk
Intelligent shock absorbers cushion the shock

Internal combustion within the shell
From the outside it's hard to tell
Interior pressures of phenomenal force
Defy the appearance of his crisply cut course
Controlled by systems you can't understand
He passes unheeded through the perilous land
Revving to temperatures of searing heat
His heart hums as it fails to beat

Internal combustion within the shell
From the outside it's hard to tell
He looks out the windows of his glazed eyes
At the uncaring people and the road he defies
His white hot engine aches in pain
The gears of his system whirl in vain
His cold, icy surface has nowhere to go
His systems know the pain doesn't show
Internal combustion within the shell
From the outside it's hard to tell

-Andrew Stewart



#### Deception

Years ago I left on a journey to nowhere, and Somehow through all the confusion I made my way to a deserted beach And sat there listening to Jimi Hendrix On somebody else's headphones.

Across from me, a man with long brown hair Sat playing an acoustic guitar and Laughing at the moon with lover's eyes. Between songs I held his hand and Listened to the waves break on the shore.

Slowly I turned towards him,
Meaning to ask him a question
But where he had been was now empty air
And I cried out from the desolation
Of being left alone in a place I did not know.

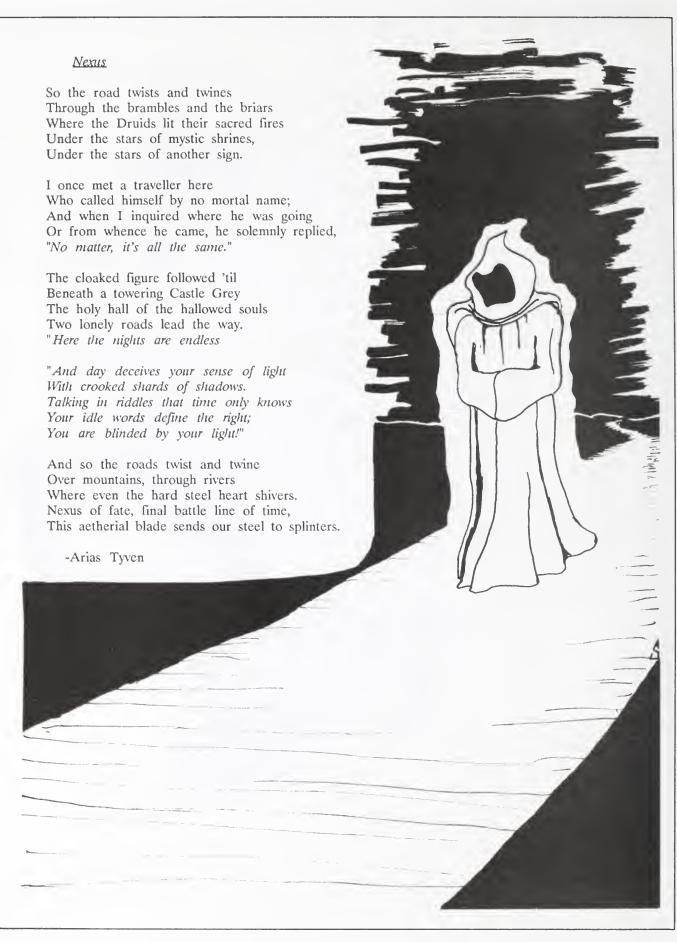
Desperately I screamed for him to come back And put his arms around me and Tell me that everything was going to be all right, But I realized that he was gone and couldn't hear me And so I screamed in silence.

Without him there was nothing for me, so I left. Boarding a bus was the hardest thing That I have ever done And when I arrived at the station Everything had changed.

And I cried, but whether they were tears Of sorrow or joy I cannot tell.

-Heather Fairfield





#### **Daydreams**

I thought that I would never find The pot of gold beneath the bow, Or why stars twinkle in my mind Although outside the bright sun glows. And now I know the reason why, For it was always near. Waiting to be discovered, it lay Just out of reach, but there. "It's illusion darling." the old man said. I smile upon his words. For my daydreams are as real to me As love and joy afford. What is life without a dream? You may say it doesn't matter, But without them one could never be free And the purpose of life would shatter.

-Ivory Roberts

## "If we cannot reach beyond the stars..."

If we cannot reach beyond the stars
They still can touch our sight.
If we cannot envision a Higher One
We still can feel its might.
Though a sunbeam is but a vision
We warm to its bright glow
And life's definition - a foreign tongue
We still are sure 'tis so.

-Jessica Dello Russo

#### The Door

There stands a door, a heavy door But mysterious all the same. A powerful force pulls my hand To that door with locks and chains.

But the farther my hand reaches out Even farther the door moves away. I want to turn around But curiousity compels me to stay.

So I think and plan ways Which will bring me to my door; My efforts are futile, The results are still poor.

So I am forced to follow my only plan. I wait and wait to see,
If that mischievous door will bring
Its secrets to me.

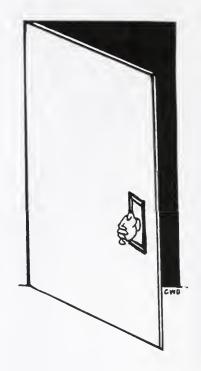
With passing of time, that heavy door Slowly moves to me. Now on the door with luminous light, Appears a golden key.

Using the key, I open the locks Which hide the things I want to see; And standing on the other side Was a new, more maturer me.

#### -B. Rhodes



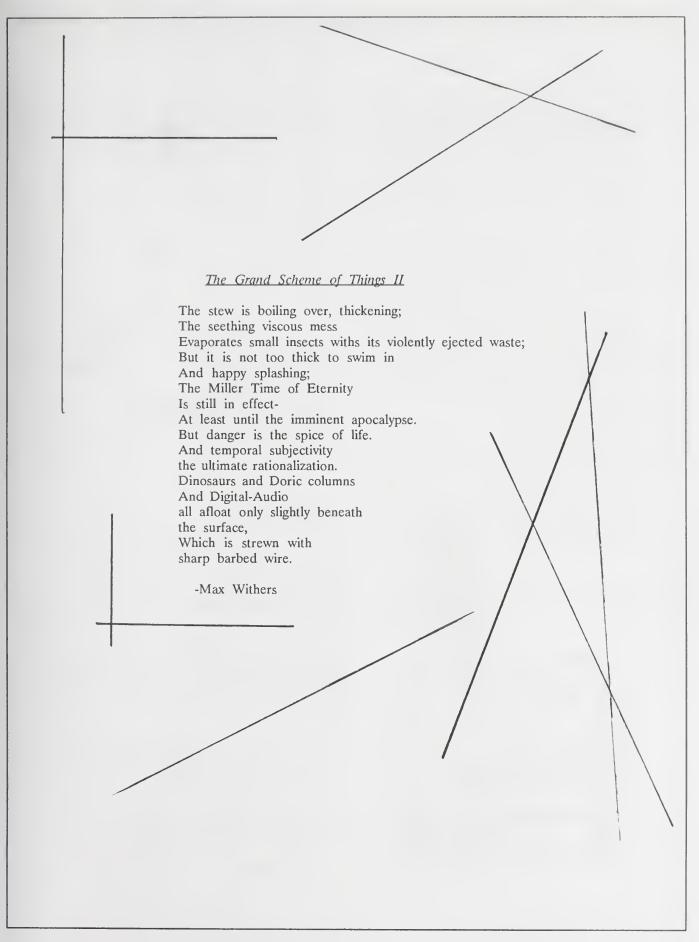




#### I see them work

I see them work. I see them work in the fields, I see them work in the streets. I see them grabbing a hand, A hand that was never touched. I see their faces: Smiling, with eyes fixed forward. Their clothes might be dingy, Their hair might be tangled; Yet they are clean. Washed with water. They use the water to moisten the dry fields. They use the water to clean the streets. They see who thirsts, They see who is hungry; They see and know, All that needs to be known. They work with you, They work with me; Together we shall work, Till the day is found.

-Ted Donlan



#### **Today**

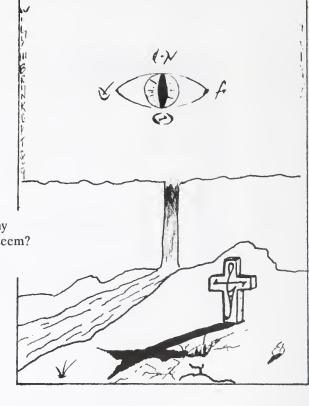
Today.
Shadows drifting over open plains
of ephemeral red shaded in blue haze
Enlighten me (without by when to which
and hows)

My dog scratched, but the flies were only in my mind, Like the daggers of acid trickling down my neck or not.

I woke up on the ceiling, screaming at things I couldn't quite recall
Out of the daemonic shadow in the corner of my my, my...what when verily shall we now go to seem?
The earth quaked but for my hall of glass which trembled not with fear.
But soon it's foolishness thus it realized.

Thou foster child of silence and slow time, wilt thou fester in thy great green lime?

-P. B. Mather



# <u>Tommorow</u>

It is
What one may call a bit too, too unlike myself
to spend a
day in contemplation of
the transmogrification of
My Soul to Darkness.

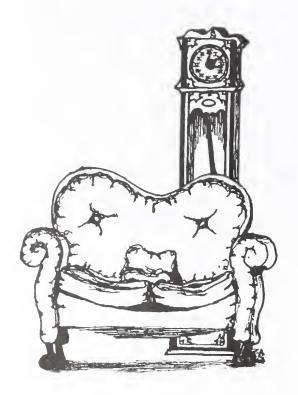
Thus that day crept through the wall and the sunlight faded from the carpet on the floor.

The dusty loveseat opened its maw, Swallowed me whole.

The hair stood on my neck like pigmy spears And there was a sound like a thunderclap when the gods slapped my face.

The clock struck 3:10 and suddenly everything...stopped Just...stopped.

-P. B. Mather



I am too critical. I criticize everything, including myself. If I criticize myself first, I merely appear cynical, and no one takes my serious criticism seriously.

For instance, let's discuss this class. Our math teacher is absent, and we have Mr. Snorkley here, as a substitute teacher. He says that before he will let us talk among ourselves ( he said ourselves; like all non-English teachers, Snorkley has a distinct knack for misusing the language ). We must be quiet, just to show that a) he is in control, and b) we can control ourselves. Once he gets us quiet, or if he gets quiet, Snorkley won't let us talk at all! Perhaps he's smarter than I think.

He is making Susan write our homework on the blackboard. Yesterday, we had a test with this same substitute teacher, and he forgot to give us the homework. Out of the kindness of his heart, he will not mark work late, and we have to complete two assignments tonight. I'm sure they get these substitute teachers from the loony bin. I explained it once to Sam: the patients at state mental hospitals are lined up and they count off by twos, and the ones are the substitute teachers for that day. This theory explains the marked lack of intelligence shown by all substitute teachers.

To pass the time, I am writing this paper. "Miss, why aren't you doing math work?" the substitute asks Susan, who sits behind me.

"Because I don't have my math book," Susan

explains.

"He'll throw a fit if you don't do math," Ed hisses loudly across the Mr. Snorkley ignores him; clearly, he has his priorities confused. Does he want Ed, a troublemaker, to make as much noise as he wants, and Susan, who is quiet and harmless, to work grudgingly?

"Are you doing math?" Snorkly demands. "No, sir, I'm working on an English essay." I lie so badly-my English teacher would faint if he read this. I hope Snorkley'll read this, though. But no, he just wants me to do math.

"Are you working on the same thing as this gentleman?" Snorkley asks, pointing at Jason, who sits next to me.

"No," I explain. "I am working on an

English essay. He is working on math." I hope he understands me.

"Let me rephrase that," he says.

"Okay," I say. I try so hard to be accommodating, but this man does not seem to ap-

Ed just threw a paper airplane across the room.

"I want you to work on your math with this young man, and pass your book to this young lady, so she can also work on her homework."

"Oh." I say. "Why can't I work on my English essay?"

"Beeause this is math class."

"Oh." A whole pattern of argument appears in my mind - yes, it's math class but our teacher is absent so why can't I work on something of more immediate importance - but that is predictable, hence boring. "Oh."

"I'm looking on with her," Susan says. Snorkley doesn't hear her, however; he is bent on ruining my essay. It worries him that I am writing while he is talking.

"Well, you figure it out," Snorkley says, beeause he is a very magnanimous person. "But I want you doing math."

"Doing math" sounds to me like some pervert's idea of...well, never mind.

"Susan, do you need my math book?" I ask, turning around.

"No," Susan says.

"Turn around," the substitute orders me; I negligently turned around to speak to someone behind me.

"She doesn't need my book," I say. "Do I still have to 'do math'?"

"Yes." He seems angry.

So I do math. How dull. Ed is trying to distract me. Why doesn't Snorkley do something about him? My graph looks like a dying snake; I did something wrong.

"Do you have a ruler?" Karen whispers. Karen sits behind me too, next to Susan.

"No, but I'll get one," I say. I am quite a gentleman. "What's his name?" I ask Jason, pointing at the substitute.

"Snorkley."

"Excuse me, Mr. Snorkley...." He is busy yelling at Ed.

"Do you have a ruler?"

"What do you want?" he asks nastily.

"Do you have a ruler?" I ask again.

"Never mind," Karen whispers, "there's one in Diana's bag."

"I'll look," the substitute says, and raids our math teacher's desk drawers. There is no ruler, of course.

"I can get one from the supply room," Ed volunteers.

"No," Snorkley says. I think he's caught on to Ed.

"Aw, c'mon," Ed whines. I ignore him; my

graph is all wrong. Ed has started crying because Snorkley won't let him leave, but he is probably pretending. I still feel bad.

"I'll go with Ed and keep an eye on him,"

"Not you!" he yells. I don't know why he is so angry at me. I apologize and borrow Karen's ruler, which she took from Diana's bag, to correct my graph. I still think. I still think my answer is wrong, though.

I hope the period will end soon.



"Do you have a coin?" by Ted Donlan

"...And none of that stuff has helped me make a choice. The only choice I've made is to shut off the TV." "That's 'cause neither has any life in 'em; reporters spend most of the time checking if they even have a pulse. Take the last debate, for instance, about all they did was help me sleep early that night." "Yeah...y'know about the only one who caused any excitement was Jesse Jackson; he at least made some noise during his speeches. Too bad his views aren't too mainstream..." "...And you think they are in the mainstream? C'mon. Dukakis only cares about liberals like himself; and Bush, he's worse. He only cares about the guys who play golf with him at his country club..." "...And so does that guy Quayle, imagine if he ever became president? That would be scary." "Yeah, he'd probably ask his father to pay off the national debt."

"...Do you remember that guy from the 700 Club who wanted be President?" "Yeah, Pat Robertson. He probably would have called up all those TV evangelists to fill up his cabinet..." "...Yeah, like Jim and Tammy Baker and Jimmy

Swaggert." "Also, don't forget that he would have Jessica Hahn as his first lady..." "...Yeah, and if Gary Hart was still around he would have Donna Rice as his; that would have made it more like a beauty pageant than an election..." "...still, they're a hell of alot better looking than Barbara Bush and Kitty Dukakis." "Yeah, those two look like they were found in the want ads."

"...The race was much better back then when they came out with all those drug and sex scandals." "Yeah, now the only kind of scandals they get are about Mike Dukakis' medical records." "No kidding, back then they didn't care about the issues and the debates like they do now. Now all they care about are labels, polls, and rhetoric; what's so exciting about "The fact is, in spite of what the papers want you to believe, you shouldn't take this race seriously at all..." "Yeah, this race is just alot of hype between two people we really don't know, or want to know." "But we still have to make a choice between the two whether we like or not." you're right...do you have a coin?"

#### Tournament

The armour shines in the morning sun;
The stallion's step is quick and light,
Trained in play of sword and lance,
In faeries fiery ring they dance;
And soon the trumpets clarion blow
Will summon the bravest of the knights
Tete a tete with their foe
To fight for honor and pride
And the hand of a maiden for a bride.

The blood and gore, the moans and groans
Shocked not young maidens or fellow companions
But a knight in pastel pink and faerie blue
Quite took their breath away.
The first to recover, the suave dashing brother
Of King Roderick's third cousin's mother
Yelled in furious color.

"Good man, good flow'r Pansy pink and powder blue, I've a good mind to run you through!"
"No, no, good sir, pastel pink and faerie blue;
But sorry, I've no time to deal with you "
And he smote him down, red, violet and blue,
Smashing a flower pot off his thick head.

"Outrageous!", cried Lizzie's nephew's son,
The thirtieth heir to the grand ol' throne,
"How dare this puny, pretty knight
Clean up so neat in a chivalric fight!"
And he charged full tilt, his lance at level;
But the Pastel Knight gave his hips a swivel
And started not nor moved with fright
But daint'ly grabbed the fellow's lance
Leading him in aerial dance
Straight into a heap of horse manure.

"Would anyone else dare challenge me?" Our infamous knight queried casually.



#### Ivory Tower

The pinnacle of vision, this soaring tower,
Over mind and matter the Ivory holds power
And the flowing of time, and rapid river,
The flight of a dream, Infinity's Flower.
Of Graces Divine from Mortal mind
Rises the Desire whose pathway winds
Up serpentine stairs, to open balconies
Where the Hunter and the Falcon seek
their Destinies

On the erinoline and laee of a thousand glory years.

Young Prince, look up, and face not Fate with tears,

For you have many years to turn the dread, vengeful gears.

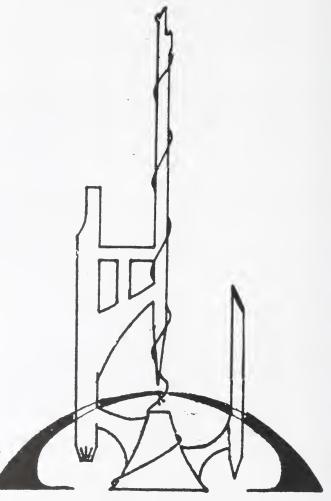
" Wake not, O primordial beast, slave of human fears,

Reek not the havoc of logic and reason Nor rationalize our impulsive nature but Let madness and folly unite as one In a gigantic, horrendous creature ", Said the prophet old In words so sage

In words so bold
That our Young Prince took it to heart,
Assembling an army, longing to depart.
The Young Prince in linen and gold set
Upon his steed was a work of art;
The standards he brought, the ancestral
Pride, in this bloody war would be torn apart;
On he marched from the Ivy encased tower
Beyond the swamp, and beyond the plain,

Beyond the river, and beyond his power 'Til he had to the Kingdom Come with vengeful wrath

And unleashed his Fury, his iron staff; E'er the gates fell, and the walls and the men by the hundreds, brother and sister, and the men by the thousands husband and wife, and the men in blood father and son, were washed away to the sea in a river of their blood.

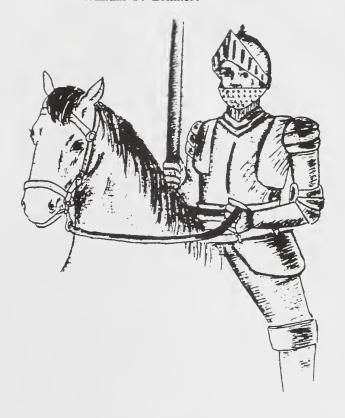


The young Prince returned among spoils and praise Having won the war, without a man lost, in less than three days. But the prophet old Barred the gates of the hold Refusing to admit the Victorious Prince; " The war is won My deed is donc And my father's honor saved. Open the gates and admit your Lawful Prince " " It is from you we are saved; Foolish peasant, you're no Prince! The land is mine forever more And for you no one will ever open door! So soon you forget my prophecy

Never did the Prince return to his land
But wandered as a beggar forever more
From the Emerald Ocean to the Ruby Shore,
Seeing life never seen, never seen before.
Here on the Outside, he found a kingdom
Where every man was emperor of his senses,
Here in the land where the unbridled beast
Roams.

And thus you write your own Destiny! "

-William F. Brinkert



The clock read 8:34 as the evening lights poured down brilliantly onto the short, cut grass, seeping into and illuminating every corner of the playing field. A huge American flag snapped in the breeze high on the left wall, its red, white and blue flowing together in a pool of patriotic color. Thirty-four thousand sat restlessly, observing the contest unfolding under the cool night sky. Somewhere under the same sky, wars were being waged, fortunes made, leaders dying and leaders being born. Around them the city slept, undisturbed by the intruding lights and the jumpy hum of the P.A. announcer.

The thirty-four thousand didn't care about the outside world. To them the P.A.'s voice boomed like the voice of God. God said, "Now coming to theplate...Rice...designatedhitter...Rice...."God'svoice retreated back into the night and his thirty-four thousand watched and listened under the flapping flag.

The crowd turned its attention to the eleven men who stood motionless on the field before them. The eyes of the eleven focused on home plate as the mighty Rice strode up. Rice eyed the runners at each base. He saw night ready to pour in over the walls. He heard the hum of the thirty-four thousand and felt their silent eyes drawn to him.

Rice approached the plate, a Goliath, his mighty bat swinging low to the ground. The young pitcher sensed the energy on the field, ready to explode in a flurry of movement. He felt the thirty-four thousand eyes and the cold night trying to seep in over the green walls.

The pitcher knew something. He knew there were two outs and he knew he must not let Rice, the Goliath, get a hit. Rice knew something, too; he knew he was growing old and he knew he had a chance to be a hero again.

The pitcher leaned back, paused, then charged forward, hurling the canvas sphere from his outstreched arm. It burned through the cold air, but Rice stood like a colossus hearing the judge of the game shout, "Ball one!" Cold and stern, Rice remained, no emotion apparent while the pitcher sweated, and the thirty-four thousand chanted, their voices rising to the sky. Beyond the park the city slept; the world turned on its axis; mountains formed and rivers dried up.

In the world off the thirty-four thousand, Goliath and the pitcher were facing off again. All alone while the nation watched, the pitcher, like David, hoped to kill Goliath with his stitched stone. David eyed Goliath, his catcher sent the sign, the nation watched, and the sphere flew.

Rice's swing sliced the air, slamming into the ball. It hit the wind and turned foul to the right. The count stood one and one. Around the earth, men faced their own Goliaths, as oblivious of the young pitcher as he was of them. Still the city slept.

The nation of thirty-four thousand was waiting; it was tensing up, ready to burst. The pitcher straightened out and threw the ball with the lightning quick release that brought him to this mound, this league. Rice cut the air with his slash. His momentum carried him around like a coil, only this time no contact was made. The count was one and two. Confidence was quietly working its way into David's fastball. Time wore on. Stars exploded. Galaxies were formed. The universe stretched on and on into nothing.

But here the nation of thirty-four thousand watched, watched and waited, unaware of anything of anything but the mighty Rice and the young pitcher. David bent over, trying to drill a path over the plate with his mind. The ball flew. Right past Rice, the wise old Goliath, it flew. God's messenger proclaimed, "Ball two!"

The count stood two and two. He was even with Goliath, but one would have to yield sometime. That's the way it always was with the game; no conflict lasts forever. He scanned for his catcher's signal, then his mind went blank. He saw only Rice, a dark form at the end of a small tunnel. There he remained, oblivious of everything: of his teammates, the thirty-four thousand, the flag still whipping in the wind, the night trying to sneak in and the flooding lights. His mind was sharp. As if in a dream, he extended his arm and let fly the ball. It carried his will and hope, practice and dreams. It carried them all down the tunnel toward Goliath.

Rice waited, his mighty legs spanning the plate, His eyes followed the ball, his heart pounded, rushing the old blood through worn veins. He remembered his career and his first game, how he, too, had once faced the seasoned ace pitcher. He remembered how he had given his mind and body into that contest, and he remembered how he had struck out. His club collided with the hurling stone, his great chest pivoting around, lifting the bat high above his shoulders with his followthrough. His feet shifted under him to support his massive gliding weight, and his eyes turned to follow the ball. They followed it along with the thirty-four thousand and the young pitcher, up

into the darkness. Rising higher and higher, it fled through space and time into the blindness of the lights. It glided out of the glare, past the still waving flag, past the walls of the fortress, fleeing the thirty-four thousand and into the waiting night.

Then, as if a great weight had been lifted, the nation of the thirty-four thousand rose up. They jumped in exclamation and praise of the great Rice. Many still searched the night, waiting for the ball to reappear.

Rice trotted slowly around the bases. This was

his moment, and he absorbed it. He was a hero again, and it felt good.

The pitcher stood notionless, arms limp at his side as he watched Rice round the bases for what seemed like an eternity. He knew there would be other challenges and someday he would beat Goliath.

Somewhere out there the future of the world was being acted out. Dreams were realized and hopes were fulfilled. The white lights still faded away into darkness, following the path of the ball, and night seeped in at the edges of the fortress. The clock read 8:40. Still the eity slept.



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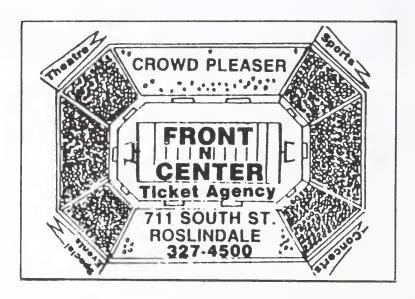
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